The Black Cat

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The King's Physician
$150 Prize
Albert P. Bonney

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Frank Lillie Pollock

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Catechisms

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The King's Physician.*

BY ALBERT F. BONNEY.

"I WAS a prophet, was I not?" The speaker rattled his keys, to hide the smile in his beard. The other man shrugged his shoulders, and then threw himself down on the stone bench by the stone table.

"I have often taken worse hurts in sport, my friend," he growled over the edge of his cup, "so do not let my stripes worry you." He filled a cup, which he shoved to his companion. "Sit down and talk with me," he said, and then drank of his wine in great gulps, while the jailer took sups, looking regretfully the while at the two hundred pounds of brazen fetters which burdened the man's wrists and legs and would have dissipated any doubts which might have existed regarding his status in society, for not only was he a prisoner, but there remained now only a brief time longer for him to live. The jailer nodded as he wiped the dripping red wine from his beard.

"Well, I warned you of this yesterday when I told you of the King's sickness. You — "

"May the Devil burn him," growled the prisoner.

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"Nay, nay, not so," argued the jailer, "for he is a good King; a little too fond of wine, women and the table, perhaps, yet he is generous and just."

"Too just to suit me," replied the prisoner with a grim smile. The jailer grinned.

"'The thief who feels the bowstring draw, has little loving for the law,'" he quoted. "Did you not plead guilty?" he asked.

"Hoping for a sentence to the galleys," was the muttered reply, and his keeper understood.

"'Tis not my fault that you erred," laughed the jailer, "for, as I said, I warned you that he might have you flogged from his presence, yet, because he had decreed that any one might come before him in the matter, nothing would do but that I take you to him, and now —"

"Tell me more about this curious illness of the King," interrupted the prisoner.

"Curious illness?" cried the jailer, "Who said it was curious? not I, I'll be sworn. There is nothing uncommon about it. The King is overfond of wine, women and the table, as I said, and that tells the whole story, and now that the wine turns to vinegar in his stomach, and he cannot relish his food, he is a sick man, and the captain of the guard told me, that his wife told him, that the head witch who guards his seven and twenty wives told her that —" he leaned and whispered. "You know what it means to have a woman in your hair. It matters not that one may strangle them, or set them adrift, or drop them into the ocean done up in a sack, it would not stop complaint so long as one was left alive."

The prisoner nodded gravely. "I know." His voice was hushed.

"And there you have the whole tale," continued the jailer. "Just half a cup," as the other offered to refill his measure. "But why this sudden curiosity, my friend?" stopping his cup at his lips to ask the question.

"Oh, just the matter of curing him. Do you think that I may see him again?"

"Of course you may," declared the jailer. "Ah, I wish I

had a leech's skill," he cried. "Think of the advancement, the wealth, and the power — m-m-m-m," he mumbled in his wine, looking at the other with burning eyes.

"Well, while this matter of mine is of great importance to me," said the prisoner," it may prove of no small moment to you, for if it works out as I plan, I shall be in a position to aid you to better things than chatting and drinking with men who have nothing left to do but await the ax. Now, tell me, is it not also true that it is the law that a prisoner condemned to death may appear before the King each of seven days before the one set for his execution, to make any demand that he desires?"

"It is even so," declared the guardian of condemned men, "because that once in the time of this King's grandfather, an innocent man went to the block because he could not see the King and prove his innocence. Yet you do not wish to plead guiltlessness?" he grinned.

"I want my rights," was the defiant reply, "and this makes it more certain that I shall see the King. Say," suddenly dropping his cup hand to his knee, "did you see the young woman who stood behind the King's right elbow? She was divinely fair, with face and neck the color of a young bull elephant's tusk. Was that the King's daughter?" The jailer dashed his cup to the table.

"By Hell," he roared, "but you are a man after mine own heart — you can think of wine and women while your back bleeds! Yes; that was the King's daughter. Why?"

"I shall cure the King, and then I shall make her my wife," he declared. The cup stopped half way on its journey to the jailer's lips as he stared blankly at his charge for the time that a man may breathe a score of breaths, then he laughed, throatedly at first, then loudly and clearly, until the guard-room echoed with his big-voiced roaring.

"By the Devil's Tail," he yelled, pounding on the table with his cup, "but you are a funny man. You marry the King's — "

"When I have cured the King," finished the prisoner. The jailer began again his deep-toned laughter, but the sound of it gurgled in his throat, to die in a choking strangle as he sprang to his feet.

"By the Devil's Hoof," he snarled, "the man is as mad as all bedlam," backing to the door, his hand on the hilt of his dagger.

"Come and sit down, man," laughed the prisoner. "Sit down. I am not crazed. Let me fill your cup. Now, smoke, while I unfold my scheme. To-morrow you are to again take me before the King, and when he knows that I can cure him, things will be different. When I was a free bandit chief I never looked for mercy if ever I fell into the hands of the King's men, for I was little given to showing mercy, neither did I devote much time to meditation; since I have been your guest, however, I have had time and to spare for thought, and while things look gloomy for me, I know that this matter will turn out as I plan. All you have to do is to take me before the King, as is my right to demand."

The jailer arose to his feet. "Oh, I'll take you," he growled, "until your back is raw. Well, here is hoping that you may escape the ax." This was ever his toast with the parting cup.

When another day was come, the bandit chief again stood before the king, who looked down on him with a sneer.

"The answer I gave you yesterday did not satisfy you, it appears," he cried. "Well, I'll see if to-day's will. Ho, the guard!" The men-at-arms came hurrying to him. Before he could order them, however, the prisoner held up his hand.

"It is within your power to have me lashed, O King —" his voice was even and low — "yet the time was when we were nearer equal."

"What mean you?" The King's voice was low, although there was dangerous anger in his eyes.

"You do not ask my name," said the prisoner, quietly, a smile on his lips.

"The name of a dog," sneered the King.

"Yet that name is — Wyrick of the Hills," he replied in the same even voice. Clutching the arm of his throne-chair the King sprang half erect, glaring at the man before him, whose eyes went past the King's head and held the beautiful girl at his shoulder.

"Wyrick of the Hills," muttered the King as he sank back into his seat. After awhile he smiled grimly. "You say truly, Man of the Hills," he said, "we were at one time nearer equal, for you are the only man in my kingdom that ever laid me on my back in a fair struggle. Well," he sighed, his face saddening, "you could do it easier now."

"Yet I would cure you of the ailments which sap your strength and make life a burden to you, my King," said Wyrick gravely.

"Out on you for a fool," snarled the King. "Here," to the guard, "take this man away. He may wish to come again, as is his right. However," looking sternly at the prisoner, "you will not relish your reception another time. Take him away."

"I can cure you, O King," Wyrick replied simply, "and so long as you leave me strength to walk shall I appear before you to make my appeal," he added, looking into the deep, dark eyes of the girl, who blushed as she drew the mantle over her ivory-white bosom.

Next day his greeting was all that the King had hinted, and on the day following when he again made his way to make his appeal to his sovereign his back still ached. The King smiled when he saw him standing as erect and fearless as at first. Without waiting for the monarch to address him, Wyrick spoke:

"A man who has but two days to live has but little fear of the lash, O King, and I am come to tell you that to-morrow, when the sun is still three hours high, I shall come for the last time to make my demand, for on that day, when the sun goes down, my life goes with it, unless you interfere." He looked at the girl. "For next to the last time, O King, I can cure you." The girl's eyes held a strange light.

"Take him away," cried the King sharply. "He shall surely die when to-morrow's sun goes down, as he says,—so let his comfort be your first care. It is a waste of time to scourge a man who laughs as you flail him."

Now the sun is but an hour high on the last day that Wyrick of the Hills has to live, and his jailer touches cups with him.

"By the Devil's Horn, man," he cried, "it grieves my heart to see the shadows grow long, for when they cease—" he stopped to sink his nose in his drink, then drew his hairy arm across his lips. "Yet we must all go over that road, some day," he went on, "and what matters when, or how?"

"Aye, what matter?" laughed the other, then threw up his head defiantly. "However, I have not yet traveled it, nor shall I." His voice was a growl.

"You have a reason for your hope, I opine?" asked the jailer, a smile moving his beard.

"That I have," declared the prisoner.

"May I ask what it is?" queried the guard. Wyrick drew himself up proudly, and said:

"Each time that I talked with the King, his daughter—"

"Now by the Devil's Tail, comrade," snorted the jailer, "you are building your house on dry sand, to found hope on a woman. Oh, yes," he cried, when Wyrick would have spoken, "but I know women, and the time was when I, too, trusted one when she smiled. It is said that a man can 'smile, and smile, and be a villain,' while I have found that a woman can smile, and smile, and be unwilling. What did the baggage do to me? Cast me off for a cross-eyed son of sin because, forsooth, he could play on the lute, and wore velvet. Then I went and bought me a wife in the open market, and, well, a woman is a woman. I—" the sound of a bell crashed into the conversation, when the jailer sprang to his feet, his swart cheek paling. After a moment's hesitation: "You heard the bell?"

"Aye, that I did," Wyrick replied, stretching his brawny arms while he yawned. "I fancy it calls me to the block." The jailer cursed in his beard.

"The Devil burn you, comrade," he stammered, "have you no fear of man or ax?"

"Fear?" sneered Wyrick, "I never yet have met the fellow, nor do I expect to see him on the short road between here and the block. Well," with another yawn, "I suppose you wait to escort me. Let us go, then, for I am ready."

The masked headsman was awaiting them, leaning on the handle of his ax, and now listened for the fatal signal, which

soon came, when with a laugh Wyrick knelt, but before laying his neck in the groove he winked at the executioner.

"Your black mask ill becomes you, Rock," he whispered. "How long since you left the free hills to do a king's dirty work? I had thought better of you." The axeman stiffened for a moment, and then growled for the ear of the kneeling man:

"It was a choice between being axed and doing the axing. How would you have chosen, Captain?"

"Oh, the Devil only knows," he laughed. "Well, I am content to go by your hand, old comrade, and when I am gone you will find in my belt some—" he stopped as a great clamor arose.

"Way, way for the King's messenger," came a voice. "Hold your hand, man, in the King's name," as the executioner swung his blade to his shoulder. "Hold your hand, for the King has decreed that this man, who claims that he can cure him of his ills, shall live. Way for the King's messenger!" Thereupon a great shout went up, for the bandit chief was not unknown or unliked by the people, who now surged forward, shouting congratulations, but ahead of all was the big jailer, who fairly embraced the reprieved man.

"What did I tell you?" laughed Wyrick. "I could see the girl's eyes, and I know that I have her to thank for this."

"You would have been thanking the Devil in ten more swings of the pendulum," cried the jailer, "however, wine is good, even if it does come a little late."

Standing once more before the King, the robber chieftain spoke: "That I can cure you of all your ills, I know, O King. However, I must have my own way to do it."

"You shall have your way," assented the King.

"Then," said Wyrick, "bring here the men of law, that they may draw up a contract between you and—"

"Is not my word sufficient?" demanded the King sharply.

"In all matters but this," said Wyrick boldly. "Nevertheless, I must have my way, for kings can change their minds as easily as do women."

"My word must be enough," declared the monarch doggedly.

"Oh, well," retorted Wyrick carelessly, "I go back to the

block, then. That I can cure you, O King, and make you again the man you were when it took all my strength to lay you on your back I know, still, I must have a contract drawn up by the men of law, signed by you, and sealed with the great seal of state, otherwise — " he turned away, " I go."

The King struggled to his feet, his face flushed with passion.

" You dog!" he screamed. " You fool — " when his daughter hurried in and drew him back to whisper in his ear. Presently the King choked back his rage, and sighed.

" Oh, well, let it be as you say," he muttered, then to an attendant: " Bring in the men of law."

When the document was drawn up — and the making of it took the legal men three whole days — Wyrick folded it, bowed to the King, and said:

" Your majesty will be ready to go with me in an hour." Then, without waiting for a reply he left the royal presence. Two hours later he stood in his old prison, with the King.

" You will await me here," he said to him, and then he led away the guard. Left alone, the King waited until an hour had passed, and then another and then he called. Next day in reporting the matter to Wyrick, the jailer laughed:

" When he called for you, comrade, and I told him that he had traded places with you, he was a man bereft of reason. ' What Devil's folly is this,' he screamed. ' It is no folly, as you will find,' I told him. Then I explained that I had had the compact read to me, and that it was plain enough. That he had traded places with you — that he was to live your life and eat your fare — and that if, at the end of a month, he was not cured you had another month to try, and yet another, until the medics, who could not cure him, should say that you, too, had failed. Then I went away shaking my keys to keep my courage up.

" We watched him, as you ordered, and he paced the room like a wild beast. However, he finally slept, and this morning called me to order breakfast. U-m-m!" He licked his lips. " It made my mouth water! I listened, as you ordered, saying never a word, and when he had finished I took him in the mush, treacle, and water — you know the dish," he laughed.

" Yes, I know it," assented Wyrick absently.

"'This was the breakfast served to Wyrick of the Hills while he boarded with me,' I told him, but he turned away in disgust."

In another day the jailer came again, an uneasy grin on his face: "By the Horn of the Sacred Bull, comrade," he cried, "but you are a prophet, for when my man took the King his dinner yesterday, he ate like a famished wolf, and finished by throwing the dishes at the fellow's head. So I went to him and informed him that, as he had violated the rules of the prison, he should be obliged to work, when I thought he would die of a fit of rage, and it is now as you ordered — no work, no food — and I am no man if he be not eating with the rest in a day."

So a month passed and again Wyrick sent for the jailer. Filling a crystal cup for the man, he shoved it to him across the table.

"How fares our royal guest?" he asked.

"By the Hoof of the Sacred Bull, comrade, I fancy you are loosing my head on my shoulders, for yesterday when I refused to carry word to you that the King considered himself cured, he swore by all his ancestors that he would have me beheaded so soon as he returned to the throne."

"Fret not, my friend," said the new king, "for the block shall never kiss your neck. Does the King gain in strength?"

"Does he?" the jailer stopped to laugh. "You would scarce know him. In another month —"

"He will be in luck if he gets out in four," interrupted Wyrick, "for there is work to be done while he is away — certain reforms to be brought about, and —" he stopped, averting his face. The jailer looked at him slily, then went away laughing.

At the end of the second month a commission of the court physicians went to the prison and examined the King, and because he could not answer the wise questions they asked him they went away, leaving him to yet another month of toil and coarse food. Yet he was not forgotten in the circle in which he once reigned, for his daughter came to Wyrick, came with flushed face and downcast eyes.

"May it please your majesty," she said, and the sound of her voice was as the song of a bird in his ear, "I would ask of my father, the King." Wyrick looked at her, and when she tried to meet his gaze her eyelids fell as though weighted with lead.

"I am the King," he said, "therefore am I not your father?" A smile chased the dimples from cheek to chin as she replied:

"You are, as you say, the King, yet how can you be my father?" He took her hand and drew her to him as he said — yet it matters not what he said, rather was it one of the voiceless conversations of love, of which there had been many in the days which were past, and were to be many more in the weeks to come, and when she had listened to him for an hour, her heart talking to his, she went away, when Wyrick smiled. "She asked for the King," he whispered, then he sighed.

To the man in prison the time passed on leaden wings, until four full months had flown. That the royal prisoner was improved in health and strength one of his guards could testify, for in a fit of rage the King had fallen on him, the man escaping only with his life. On account of this outbreak Wyrick went to the prison to investigate, accompanied by a great following of counselors, men of law, doctors and men-at-arms, and when the King saw Wyrick of the Hills, clothed in the royal robes and with his own daughter by his side, his rage knew no bounds. He struggled to speak, yet for a time only inarticulate sounds would come. Finally, he found voice.

"You are the fellow who would cure me of my ills, eh? Well, look at me, am I cured, think you? Oh, you beast! you thief! I'll — I'll break your bones, you dog!"

Wyrick smiled. "Who is the madman?" he asked in simpering tones.

"Who am I?" screamed the prisoner, "Come down and I'll show you. Come if you dare, you thief." Wyrick of the Hills looked at the frenzied man, smiling, then stepped down and cast the robes of state aside. "Strip to the skin," explained the angry king, "and we shall soon see who is fitter to rule, you or I."

Wyrick laughed aloud. "I put you on your back once," he said, "and I opine that ten years of wine, women and feasting has not added to your strength. However, if you think you can take back the fall, here am I." He stepped forward, stripped for the battle.

Ah, but that was a noble contest between two noble men! They strained and twisted, panting for breath, until, by a mighty

effort, the King lifted Wyrick of the Hills clear of his feet, held him high for an instant, and then dashed him to the ground, where he lay silent and with closed eyes. Presently he gasped and sat up.

"What? How?" he muttered. Then memory came back. He struggled to his knees, took his master's hand, which he kissed, smiling up into his face. "You are cured, O King," he cried, "for by the Devil's Tail, there is not another man in all your kingdom who can put Wyrick of the Hills on his back. Now, about me, does the contract still hold?"

The King drew a deep breath and looked long at his defeated adversary. "Your patron saint, the Devil, only knows what all those limbs of the law put into a contract which could send me to prison and you to my throne! Still, we are now quits. 'Twas thus you cast me on my back, some years ago, and I swore to revenge the fall. We are now quits," lifting the man and twining his arms about him, "and hereafter you are my brother. Let all the people know this," he cried, raising his voice, and the heralds made it known. Wyrick of the Hills grew half a span in stature while the King spoke, and then forgot where he was, and all his surroundings as his eyes wandered to where the girl sat in the royal seat, flushing and dimpling. The King saw the exchange of glances, and a great light broke on his mind. For an instant he frowned, but then his brow cleared, and, slapping Wyrick a mighty blow on the shoulder, he laughed aloud:

"So, by the Devil's Tail," he cried, "that is the way the cat jumps, is it?" Then he looked Wyrick in the face for a full minute. "You have cured me of all my ills, as you said you could," he said, slowly, and again his big-voiced laughter echoed from the rocky walls, while the maiden smiled, even as she blushed rosy red, "yet now you have a worse ailment than ever afflicted me, and tell me, King's Physician, whoever, think you, shall have the skill to cure you?"

The Honeymoon of the Dragon.*

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

THE International Limited is always crowded when it leaves Montreal for Chicago, and I was anxious to be able to choose my seat, or at least my seat-mate. I was fifteen minutes ahead of the time-table, but my haste overreached itself.

"The International Limited?" queried the station porter. "Time's just been changed. Not ready for ten minutes."

Then, turning away, he inflated his chest and bellowed:

"Grand Trunk for Burlington, Montpelier and Portland. All points east. All abo-o-ard!"

His voice reverberated in an unintelligible roar from the roof, and the usual stream of harrassed and hurried-looking people began to flow toward the gates. I stepped aside, and then I noticed something coming that was surrounded by an eddy of smiles, and faces turned to look.

First came a red-capped messenger on the broad grin, carrying a brand-new suit-case, and behind him walked the couple that were exciting the interest. The lady, who leaned shyly but affectionately on the man's arm, was dressed in an expensive tailor-made gray traveling costume, with her face and most of her head concealed by a thick spotted veil and a gray hat. But it was her companion who fixed my attention. He wore a frock coat, light gray trousers, a white tie and a silk hat. Some malicious person had pinned a white rosette to his coat-tail, and when he pulled out his handkerchief a shower of rice came with it. His flushed face beamed with joyful embarrassment. I was hardly able to believe my eyes, but it was certainly the face of Arthur Redford.

I recovered from my astonishment in time to grasp him by the

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arm as he passed me. He turned with a start. I was not mistaken.

"Congratulations, Redford!" I exclaimed. "When did it happen? Won't you introduce me?"

"Thanks, old man. No idea you were here!" Redford stammered. "Happened this afternoon. We're off to Old Point for a couple of weeks. I'll see you when we get back to Chicago."

There was no time to say any more; the stream of passengers carried him through the gate and out to the train shed, and I caught a glimpse of a Pullman porter assisting his wife into the train with a great deal of ceremony. It was the last I saw of the pair, but I thought about them a good deal during my way from Montreal to Chicago.

For Arthur Redford was the last man I should have expected to find embarking upon a wedding-journey and especially in so spectacular a fashion. I had known him casually for several years in Chicago, where he had been an advertising agent first and then a traveler for a sporting goods firm. He was clever, audacious, and not overscrupulous. I would not have been much surprised at hearing that he had made a fortune out of a lucky turn in the stock market, or that he had been arrested for forgery — not so much surprised, in fact, as at seeing him married.

However, marriage would probably be a good thing for him, I decided. It would settle him, steady him, provided that Mrs. Redford were the right sort. I resolved to write to him at once and ask where he intended to live.

I did so in the course of the next month, addressing him in care of his sporting goods firm, but I received no answer. Happening to pass the establishment one day I called, and learned that he had left the employ of the firm two months before and nothing was known of him.

I was obliged to do a good deal of business traveling that spring, and in the course of six weeks I made another trip to Montreal, returning through Toronto and Detroit. I was leaving the train at Detroit, having come from Toronto in a day coach, when the Pullman passengers came past me, and among them I noticed a silk hat and a head under it that looked familiar.

It was indeed Redford again, wearing his frock coat and glit-

tering hat as if he had been wearing them ever since I had seen him last. The lady on his arm was of about the same general height and figure as before, but she wore a brown traveling suit and a heavy brown veil. I noticed grains of rice in the folds of the veil, but Redford did not wear his former beaming countenance. He looked serious, almost stern, and the couple passed me quickly and lost themselves in the crowd before I could speak to them.

But there was no mistake about the man's identity. Evidently Redford had indeed found matrimony a good thing — since he was trying it for the second time within four months! I marveled for some time at the callousness or lightness of a man who could console his widowhood so promptly, and then he passed out of my mind once more.

But he was recalled to it forcibly in less than a month. In a Detroit paper I observed a name that was familiar to me; it was in the column headed "Marriages," and the item ran:

> REDFORD – BROWNE — At the residence of the bride's mother, Detroit, on Monday, by Rev. A. L. Wood, M. A., Alice, second daughter of the late Robert Browne, to Arthur Redford, of Chicago.

At this astonishing bit of news I lost myself in strange suppositions, that all tended toward one dark conclusion. Unless Redford had a double — no, a triple — he must be a bigamist, a murderer, or a Mormon missionary. It was incredible that a man could be widowed and married in the course of nature three times in five months. It was plain, at any rate, that some terrible wrong had been done, or would be done, to Alice Browne, of Detroit, and, with my detective instinct all aflame, I determined to probe the matter of this last marriage at the first opportunity.

Next week I was in Detroit with a couple of hours to spare, and I went straight to the address of Mrs. Robert Browne as given in the Detroit Directory.

From the appearance of the house, the family were well-to-do. I was received by Mrs. Browne herself, to whom I explained that I was a business acquaintance of her new son-in-law, and would like to obtain his present address. She gave it without hesitation. It was that of a hotel in Wisconsin where the couple

were spending the honeymoon, but she told me that they were expected back in a few days, and that a flat was already rented and furnished for them. Clearly she had no suspicion of anything amiss.

"Mr. Redford was a widower, wasn't he," I ventured.

"Oh, no. He was never married before," Mrs. Browne assured me.

I hastened to apologize, for there was no use in arousing her suspicions at present. I left Detroit that afternoon and went east to Montreal again, where I remained for ten days. Returning, I spent a week in Toronto, and then prepared to take the train for Buffalo for Detroit, where I intended to look up the much-married man at his flat and have these mysteries cleared up. But I was to see him sooner than that.

I was descending the stairway to the trains at the Toronto Union Station, when an old shoe whizzed past me and struck a man below me who was assisting a lady down the steps. He turned angrily, looked back and upwards, and then laughed as he saw me. Apparently he thought I had thrown the shoe, for it was again Arthur Redford.

He seemed to fairly radiate nuptial bliss. His face shone almost like his hat. He was dressed with the same punctiliousness as before, and some one had pinned a white bow to his coat tail. Another white ribbon was attached to the back of the lady's perfectly cut dark-green costume. I could not see through her dark veil, but in a general way she seemed to resemble the other women with whom he had set out on his honeymoons.

I caught his arm and drew him a little aside.

"Do you always go around this way, Redford?" I demanded. "What are you up to? This is the third time I have seen you. There was Montreal and Detroit —"

"I didn't know you saw me at Detroit," he interrupted, looking annoyed. "Of course I remember meeting you at Montreal. But it's all right. I'll explain."

"Where are you going this time?"

"To Buffalo — and then to Saratoga for three weeks."

"I'm going to Buffalo and I'll ride with you."

The gong clanged, and we had to run for our train.

"Wait for me in the smoker," Redford called. "I'll be there shortly."

He disappeared with his wife into the Pullman, while I went forward to the day coaches. Here I smoked two cigars before Redford appeared, just as I was thinking of going to look him up, for I was determined that he should not evade me this time.

But apparently he had no desire to evade me. He sat down opposite me, lighted a cigarette, and smiled cheerfully at me through the first whiffs of smoke.

"I've left my wife alone for a little while. I'll have to go back before we get to the Customs. Now I suppose you want to know why I have started on three wedding journeys — is it three? — in the last six months."

"I do, indeed," I said, warmly.

"Well, the explanation is simple enough, but queer — too queer not to be true. It's not a very pleasant memory for me, but I suppose I owe you the story. Heaven knows what you may have suspected.

"When you met me in Montreal last winter I had just been married, as you saw, and I was one of the happiest men alive. We were going to Old Point Comfort for the honeymoon, but — well, we never arrived there. Do you remember the wreck of the Southern express last winter? We were in it. I got off with a few bruises, but poor Agnes wasn't so lucky. She had received a heavy blow on the head. I got her to Washington and into a hospital before she recovered consciousness. She remained insensible, in fact, for six days, and then they operated on her skull. It saved her life, I suppose, and I was able to take her home in a month, but she had lost her memory.

"Not all her memory, but only her recollection of the past two or three weeks. Back of that it came on in patches, till she could remember what had happened a year ago as well as ever. She knew me, but she couldn't remember that we were married, and unfortunately her marriage certificate had been destroyed with our baggage in the wreck.

"The end of it was that I had to do a good deal of my court-

ship afresh, and we were married anew, and to please her we went on another little trip, up into Michigan this time. That must have been when you saw us at Detroit. We had no railway accidents, but when we had been at the hotel for a week Agnes suddenly fell into a fit of unconsciousness that lasted for two days. It was a recurrence of the former trouble, and when the doctors at last got her out of it her memory was gone again — this time worse than before.

"She spent a month in a sanatorium under expert medical care, and seemed much improved. Her recollection was coming back in spots, but she was still dead to all recent events. She remembered me only dimly, and implored me to take her home. Here she improved a little more, but, to satisfy her, we were obliged to go through a third marriage. To be candid, it wasn't a real marriage. It wasn't necessary, and I really hadn't the nerve to get a genuine license and a bona-fide parson and make the necessary explanations. But I hope that I've gone through it for the last time, and I hope, too, that you don't suspect me any more of being a Mormon."

I was heartily ashamed of my unjust suspicions.

"Certainly not," I stammered, and then I heard a voice crying shrilly at the other end of the car:

"Mr. Redford. Telegram for Mr. Redford!"

The train had stopped at a small Canadian station near the frontier, and the messenger had come aboard, waving his yellow envelope above his head.

Redford arrested the man and tore open the despatch. As he read it he frowned and looked startled.

"I've got to go back to Toronto!" he said, quickly, to me. "It's terribly important. I should have known — "

I heard the hiss of the air-brakes. The engine bell clanged.

"I haven't time to get my wife off!" he exclaimed. "Look here — you're going to Buffalo. Will you put her in a carriage and send her to this address?" He thrust a card into my hand. "I'll be along on the next train to-night if I can. Explain it to her. Don't mind if she doesn't talk. She's very shy and ill."

He called the last words over his shoulder as he dashed down

the aisle. The train was already under way, and moving rather fast. I thrust my head out of the window and saw him jump, stumble and go heels over head on the gravel, and then he disappeared. I hoped that he had landed safely.

With considerable curiosity I went into the Pullman, and had no difficulty in finding Mrs. Redford. She was sitting at the end of the car, with no one near her, and she was looking through her veil at the passing landscape.

"Your husband has been obliged to go back to Toronto, Mrs. Redford," I said to her. "He had no time to tell you — a telegram came on board, and he had to jump. He asked me to see you safely through to Buffalo, and I will be very glad to do so, if you will permit me."

Mrs. Redford bowed slightly, but said nothing. It was rather an ungracious way of receiving my assistance I thought, but I said nothing. I attributed it to her shyness, and sat down opposite her, observing her furtively as the train rolled through the rich fruit farms of the Niagara district.

It was only then that I suddenly remembered, on thinking over Redford's singular tale, that he had given no explanation of his marriage in Detroit, which I had seen chronicled in the newspaper. Presumably he had supposed that I did not know of it.

This fatal omission aroused my suspicions more strongly than ever. I looked at his new wife, hesitating whether to question her. Perhaps I could save her from — I knew not what!

It was growing dark. The car lamps were burning, but she kept her face turned toward the window. I remained in a state of painful hesitation until the engine suddenly whistled shrilly. We were entering the suburbs of Niagara Falls town, and all at once we darted past an electric street lamp not twenty feet from the track.

The sudden white glare penetrated the veil and I saw my companion's features. For a moment I was almost paralyzed with amazement; then I leaned forward to make sure, pulled aside her veil without ceremony and looked into her face.

What I saw was enough. I leaped from my seat and bolted

down the aisle, boiling with rage and horror, intending to jump instantly from the train.

The vestibule was closed; the doors were locked. I could not get out. I was obliged to stand in the vestibule, full of hot indignation and cold panic, till we reached the station and the brakeman opened the doors.

A United States immigration inspector at once appeared at the steps and hurried on board, followed by a couple of Canadian policemen. They paid no attention to me, after a sharp glance, but crowded past the passengers into the Pullman, and an irresistible curiosity led me to follow, regardless of risk.

They went straight to "Mrs. Redford" at the other end of the car, and the inspector gave a piercing glance under her hat.

"Rice, eh? Very appropriate!" he observed, and snatched away the veil. A coarse black pig-tail fell on the bride's shoulders.

"You lettee me alone!" the unmasked Chinaman vociferated, jumping to his feet and gesticulating violently. "What you do? Me Melican citee-len. Tlavel business. Makee laundley — makee wash — plenty money. Got plenty cash. You no right touchee me. Twenty-thlee to you. You gettee out!"

There was a roar of laughter.

"You gettee out here yourself, Ah Sing," said the inspector, beginning to conduct the Celestial out of the car. I slipped out to the platform before them. I had had a narrow escape from being caught apparently engaged in Redford's business.

"We've got the Chinaman," I heard one of the policemen say as they passed me on the platform. "But it was the white man that we especially wanted. He must have been warned and got off the train somewhere. He's been running Chinks across the line for the last six months."

Redford was never caught. I heard that he had gone to Mexico with his wife — his legal wife from Detroit, whom he had married that spring. At any rate, I believe the Chinese dragon no longer takes his honeymoon along the Canadian frontier.

For a Day and a Night.*

BY WILLIAM GORDON HASTINGS.

N front of her looking-glass a woman sat, staring hard at the reflection of her face. It was a woman who rarely looked in a glass at all.

It would seem cruel to catalogue in detail every defect of the face she saw there — she was not, and never had been, beautiful. She had always known it. Ten years before, when she had married a blind man, she had known perfectly well how desperately amusing her friends and acquaintances would be about the event, as they discussed it behind her back. She did not mind — the habitually dull must have their inexpensive holiday of funniness from time to time. And she was much in love with the blind man, and he with her.

She had the body of a very beautiful woman — that made the ugliness of her face more sardonically cruel. Her voice was sweet. Her laugh — she often laughed — was musical. She had told her husband often that she was not beautiful; her truthfulness had made her do that. But her love of him was more than her love of truth, and she was content to leave him quite unconvinced and saying that it was always so — that no woman would own in so many words that she was beautiful, even though she must know it.

There had always been the chance that he would recover his sight. She had pretended to him that she prayed and longed for this. It had been the one horror of her life. One day, perhaps, this man would see her face. He would act beautifully and give no start of horror nor let the expression of his face betray him. He would be very kind and very polite. And he would not love her any more. In a thousand ways, so small that she would be unable to name and describe them, she would know that he did

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not love her any more. Yet it was not quite pretence at times. When she saw how desperately he longed for the sight of the sun again, she found that for his sake she, too, was hoping that he would recover his sight, even though she knew what must happen to her then.

That was all over now. He was away in New York. It had been only a slight operation, and entirely successful. Today he was coming back to her, as one who has escaped from prison, his eyes filled with the joy and beauty of living. She had his letters, full of delightful wonder — the letters that were her death sentence.

She turned from the looking-glass and sat down at the writing-table. All her preparations for this had been made long ago. There lay the miniature which had been painted for her. It was the face of a beautiful woman — not her own face, though its beauty and her ugliness had something in common. There also was a sheet of notepaper, stamped, stamped with the address of a house where they had once lived; they had left it three years before. She had kept that sheet for her purpose. She dated it a little more than three years back, and wrote:

> Dearest, I have been vain enough to have my miniature painted. It is thought to be very like, though it seems to be far prettier than I am. If I die before you, I want you to have this miniature, even though I fear your dear eyes will never be able to see it. It is to be all entirely for you, and I pray you never to show it to anybody. It is for you alone. You will find it in the drawer of my writing table, together with this letter. You have all my love always. Goodbye, dearest.

She put the letter into an envelope that had yellowed a little with age, sealed it, and addressed it to her husband, marking it: "To be opened after my death." Then she put the letter and miniature into the drawer and dressed herself to go out. She wore her handsomest gown.

"Take those flowers out of the dining-room," she said to a servant that she passed on her way out. "I am going to get some of the wild anemones from the embankment for the table to-night." She paused for a moment to give some trifling orders as to the preparations for her husband's arrival, and then she started in the direction of the station.

"Poor dear!" said the servant. "She'll be fully twenty minutes too early."

. . . . . .

The local newspaper gave a harrowing account of the tragic accident which led to the lady's death. She had been picking flowers on the embankment, and was on the rails as the down train swept around the curve. The engineer whistled and applied the brakes, and there was ample time for her to have stepped out of the road. But she seemed to be dazed with terror — stumbled — and fell with her head under the wheels of the engine. She was crushed beyond all hope of facial recognition. The horror of the tragedy, as the newspaper men pointed out in their articles, was that this was the very train which was bringing her husband back to her, he having been absent in New York for an operation, by which he had fully regained his sight. The anemones were found in her hand.

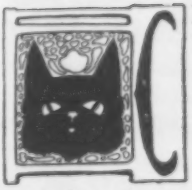
. . . . . .

Years have passed since then, and her husband — an easy, portly man — has not married again. The miniature had more than confirmed what he had always thought, and when her spirit visited him in his dreams it was always with the beautiful and imaginary face of the picture.

And may be that beauty was her birthday gift in the dim land of the hereafter. For though she died by suicide, and her last act was false — the perpetration of a lie — yet it may be that still much is forgiven to them that love much.

The Clothes and the Man.*

BY MABEL LODER STEARNS.



CLEVERING had gone to take bearings again from the other side of the island. He was so long about it this time that Deane grew uneasy. Now, at last, he appeared over the low ridge of dunes that divided it and came hurriedly forward. He seemed nervous and excited, it seemed to the man in the salt-stained clerical waistcoat.

"Anything in sight?" he asked, hopefully.

"Not a blamed thing! Not a sign of a sail anywhere," returned Clevering bluntly. "It's the very deuce, too, climbing over those dunes. Don't you try it, parson," he added quickly, almost anxiously; "they would put your lame ankle out of business in a minute."

"I wasn't thinking of it, I assure you," Deane answered grimly. "No; Miss Bradshaw and I will have to take your word for it, I guess. You are as much interested as we are."

The girl did not seem to hear. She sat mute and wide-eyed, her hands tightly clasped in her lap, her fascinated gaze fixed on the cruel white line of surf at her feet, creeping nearer and nearer, like a hungry beast stealing upon its prey.

Clevering dropped upon the sand beside her.

"There is no hope of a rescue?" she asked at last.

"None, I am afraid. You see, nothing but a fog would bring a ship near these shoals, and the fog that threw us off our course has lifted."

"How long have we?"

"An hour, possibly; not longer than that. The tide is rising rapidly; when it has reached its height — well, then there will be no island, that is all."

The girl shuddered.

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"It is awful to die like this, without even a chance;" she said piteously, "to feel that God has saved us once from that terrible sea, only to let it strangle us in the end. Why didn't He let us drown with the rest? It would have been more merciful, I think."

"As it is," returned Clevering, softly, "He has given us this hour's reprieve, and I am going to ask you to give it to me, Faith."

"Give it to you? What do you mean?" asked the girl, wonderingly.

"I want you to marry me."

"*Marry* you! Here? Now?" Amazement for the moment swept all other feeling aside.

"Yes. I would like to die knowing that you belong to me."

"But why? I don't understand," the girl said, raising her troubled eyes to the man's tense face. "I don't love you, Mr. Clevering. Why should you want to marry me when — when everything will so soon be over for us both?"

"Because it would mean everything to me, when the end came, to know that you bore my name. I ask nothing more than that," he added quickly. "I will not even kiss you afterward, if you so decree it."

"I should so wish it, certainly," the girl answered decidedly. "But it is not that alone — there is so much in one's last hour to think about, so much to try to understand and be sorry for."

"I appreciate that, and I will not intrude upon your thoughts," Clevering promised, eagerly. "You shall have the hour to yourself — only let me be near you, with the joy of knowing you are my wife."

The girl stirred restlessly in her perplexity and distress. There seemed to her an element of selfishness, almost of cowardice, in the man's persistence — as if he were seeking protection, rather than giving it. Yet she liked Clevering, and had seen much of him during the long voyage across the Pacific.

From the first he had shown his devotion to her, but when he had asked for her love in return, she had gently told him it was impossible. What she had not added was, that the one man in all the world who could have it did not want it.

But that was during the voyage, when life, with all its wonderful possibilities, was still before her. Now, with inevitable death

staring them in the face, what did it matter? she thought wearily. Had she the right to refuse this man when it meant so much to him? In her overwrought state it seemed to her like denying a last request of the dying.

"It is for such a little while," pleaded Clevering, desperately. "To you it can make no possible difference — to me it is everything. Cannot you grant me this one hour of happiness?"

The girl was silent for a moment, and then, turing a white, exalted face toward him, she said, slowly:

"If — if what you ask is all, then, and it means so much to you, it shall be as you wish."

Clevering caught her hand in his.

"I can die happy now!" he cried rapturously.

Being possessed of neither prayer-book nor memory, apparently, though quite willing to oblige them, Deane performed the ceremony most awkwardly. His twisted ankle prevented his standing, so that Faith and Clevering were forced to kneel uncomfortably on the wet sand. But to Faith's infinite relief it was all over in a few moments.

With a face of triumph Clevering turned toward her.

"My wife!" he said exultantly.

There was a certain hardness in the tone that grated on the girl's sensitive nerves. She would have shrunk from a caress from this man, but the lack of tenderness — of deep feeling — in his voice surprised and repelled her. She had a curious sense of having thrown her sacrifice away, and a strong revulsion of her own feeling swept over her — almost a loathing for the man she had married.

Abruptly she turned from him.

"I should like to be alone for a little while," she said coldly.

"As you please," answered Clevering, readily. "In the meantime I will have another look at the tide."

Seating herself on the sand Faith tried to think, but her brain seemed in a whirl. Why this unaccountable horror for what she had done, and why, Oh, why, did her thoughts persistently turn to the one man whom she longed to forget — the one man who could have had her love, and who had not cared enough even to wish her God-speed on her voyage?

From the waste of waters before her her eyes turned hopelessly to the little island that had given them such treacherous sanctuary. Her view of the other side of it was cut off by the dunes, but she could hear the ominous beating of the waves on the steeper beach beyond them, and knew that on all sides the pitiless sea was encroaching upon their refuge in an ever narrowing circle.

Near her, staring apathetically before him, sat the little man in black. She wondered dully what his thoughts were, and whether death held any terrors for him now that the teachings of his cloth must be put to the test in himself. Somehow, he seemed almost ludicrously shorn of his priestly dignity without his clerical coat, from which he had freed himself in the water.

She had not known him well on the steamer — a reserved, solitary man, he had mingled but little with the other passengers. Now an impulse came to her to talk to him — to ask his spiritual advice and blessing, perhaps. It was an impulse but short lived, for hers was a nature that invariably solved its own problems.

Idly she slipped her hand into the deep pocket of her raincoat, which she had hastily thrown on over her thin dress at the first warning of disaster on the steamer. It was the first time she had had it on, she remembered, since the day she sailed, when it had rained quite hard. In the pocket her fingers came in contact with something wet and pulpy. Letters!

Like a flash it came to her. Some had been given her just as she was leaving for the steamer, and she had thrust them into this pocket, only to forget them later, in the hurry and confusion of departure. Could one of them have been from ——

Tremblingly she drew them forth. There were several of them, all for the most part illegible from their soaked and blurred condition. But one was better preserved than the others, no doubt from its having been at the very bottom of the deep rubber pocket.

One glance at the handwriting of the address, then, with a wildly beating heart she opened it and read:

> MY DEAREST FAITH:
>
> My mother's sudden illness makes it impossible for me to see you before you sail, but I cannot let you go without telling you how I love you. I have only this hurried moment, but I am hoping the orchids I am sending to the steamer for you will tell you the rest, until I can write again. May God bless and protect you!
>
> JACK.

For a moment, in the flood of happiness that seemed to envelope her, the girl forgot her marriage — forgot everything but that the one man in all the world loved her! Then a louder, more insistent boom of the waves brought her to herself and a cognizance of the hideous death before her.

And he could now never even know that she loved him! Never ——

Desperately she looked out over the mocking sea, for the first time realizing in all its horror the fate awaiting her.

At that moment there came the sound of men's excited voices, and hurrying feet across the sand. What could it mean!

Dazed, she turned to meet the outstretched hands of — her husband!

"A ship, Faith, a ship!" he cried hoarsely.

She stared at him uncomprehendingly, and then a mad joy tore at her heart. A ship meant that she should see Jack and ——

Again Clevering held out his hands to her.

"My wife!" he said with that same gloating triumph. "My wife, and we are saved!"

His wife! and Jack loved her! God!

Then sea and sky and land became one confused blur, and the next instant the girl was lying senseless at Clevering's feet.

Several hours later, weak and spent from her long swoon and the terrible ordeal through which she had passed, Faith lay back among the pillows of a steamer chair on the deck of the White Peacock. Against the railing near her, lounged Clevering.

Presently the captain of the ship joined them.

"Feeling a little more fit, Miss?" he asked kindly.

The girl nodded, trying to smile.

"I tell you, sir," the captain went on, turning to Clevering, "we were mighty glad to see your answering signal, and know we were not too late."

"*Answering* signal?" queried the girl sharply. "What do you mean?"

"Why, you see, as soon as I could after we were thrown up on the beach, I tied my handkerchief to a stick, as a signal, and left it sticking in the sand in case anything did come in sight," explained Clevering easily.

"Was that what *you* meant, Captain?" the girl persisted, raising her startled eyes searchingly to the captain's now puzzled face.

"Why, no," he said slowly. "I meant after that, when you *returned* our signal, Mr. Clevering. It must have seemed to you a deuce of a long wait, but as bad luck would have it, the boat sprung a leak when half way to the island, and the boys had to put back for another. It must have been fully an hour before they finally reached you."

An hour! And it could have been scarcely twenty minutes before the actual rescue that Clevering had first asked her to marry him.

"Well, all's well that ends well, and a good night's sleep ought to straighten you all out," added the captain genially, as he passed on.

Even Clevering quailed before the white light of scorn that blazed in the girl's beautiful eyes, as she turned them full upon him.

"So you *knew*, then," she said quietly, in cold, even tones, her slender fingers closing on the arms of her chair until her nails turned blue, "knew when you asked me to marry you, that we would be rescued?"

"And if I did?" Clevering asked, defiantly. "Was I not justified? Surely all is fair in love——"

"Stop!" commanded the girl imperiously. "Don't you presume to use that word to me. Love!—*You!* I never want to see your face again!" she cried passionately.

"That is unfortunate, truly, since we are legally married," returned Clevering coolly. "Come, come, Faith," with an assumption of lightness, "don't make a tragedy of all this! You will think differently of it by and by, and no doubt will be very happy with me. I'm not such a bad sort, after all, even if I did win you by the only available means. Anyway, it can't be helped now, you know, so you must try to make the best of it."

The girl turned from him with loathing.

"I shall never live with you, Mr. Clevering," she said firmly.

Clevering gave a slight shrug.

"Perhaps the law will have something to say about that," he

answered deliberately. "I have given you no reason to divorce me."

"You mean that the law would force me to live with you?"

"It would recognize my just rights, certainly. You seem to forget that you are my legal wife."

The girl stared at him with frightened eyes. She was very young, very inexperienced and very ignorant of the world.

"I trust, however, that such means will not be necessary," pursued Clevering, virtuously. "I prefer to win you by the strength of my love, not by force; but win you I must, for I cannot live without you."

As he spoke his thoughts dwelt gloatingly on the newspaper clipping that had determined him to take this voyage. It was merely the announcement that after the settlement upon her of her late uncle's enormous estate, Miss Faith Bradshaw would sail on the S. S. Orient, November twelfth, for Japan, where she would join her cousins, Major and Mrs. Arnold Barton, for the winter.

The chances of success had been small, but the stakes had been high, and he had won! The girl and her money were his!

The sound of wheels coming slowly along the deck broke in upon these pleasant reflections. It was Mr. Deane, propelling himself laboriously toward them in an old wheeled chair, his bandaged ankle comfortably supported by the broad foot rest in front.

Clevering muttered an oath. What did the ass want, anyway!

"I am glad of this opportunity to speak to you two together," Deane began a trifle awkwardly; "I have something to tell you."

"What is it?" asked Faith wearily. She wished he would go away — she must think.

"Well, only that you will have to get this marriage business done over again," answered Deane bluntly.

"What do you mean?" demanded Clevering angrily.

"Just that. I am sorry; but you see the clothes don't always make the man, and this is one of the times when they don't. I am no more a preacher than you are! Fact is, I'm a detective, but I sometimes find a parson's makeup as good as any other to shadow a man in — that is, until he goes to the bottom of the

sea — then I suppose a diver's outfit would have been more to the point.

"Well, when I saw how keen you were on being married on that island back there, I thought it an awful pity not to accommodate you, seeing that we were all going to the bottom inside of an hour, as we thought. You would both die happy, I reasoned, and no harm done — though I can tell you I was up against it when it came to the formula! Now, of course, it is different, and I feel bound to explain things at once."

Then he stared in amazement at Faith Bradshaw's radiant face. Women certainly were the darndest! Any one would suppose now that he had done her a good turn in telling her her marriage wasn't any good.

White to the lips, Clevering glared at him with positive menace. Deane eyed him uneasily.

"I'm no end sorry," he repeated, apologetically, "but I know the preacher on board here — he's the genuine article, you understand — will be glad to fix it up for you."

"Thank you just as much, Mr. Deane," the girl said coolly, "but I think now that I will not be married until I return to San Francisco."

A Stranger in the Land.*

BY GREIG LAPHAM.

AS William Warner Lemington cut with precision forty-five small, rectangular pieces of cardboard, he neatly wrote a word on each. Then for a few minutes, while he meditated dreamily, he gently shook the bits of cardboard in his hat. At length, he slowly drew forth one of the pieces, and glanced at it. "Michigan!" he exclaimed, a bit ruefully. "A trifle damp and chilly there, I fear, but then — so be it."

An hour later, the young man entered the office of the lawyer who looked after his property, and there was a hint of energy and determination in his bearing which warned the legal adviser that something unprecedented was in the air.

Lemington succinctly made known his wishes. "Sell immediately, even at a sacrifice, all my property, all of it, Blake. I shall want at least two hundred and fifty thousand cash at my command by June first. Invest the balance in such bonds as look good to you."

Blake stared blankly at his client for a moment. "Why, what ——" he began.

"Not insanity," Lemington hastily interrupted, with a smile, "merely philanthropy. And say, my dear Blake, I certainly have at last hit upon a novel way of spending money."

In another hour, Lemington was back in his library. In his hand he held a pocket atlas of Michigan. With closed eyes he permitted the booklet to open where it would, and then let the point of his pencil touch the page. After drawing a long breath, he opened his eyes, and read, "Browntown — population 1,023." Next he consulted the map. "A nice location," he thought, and then he cried aloud, "O thrice fortunate Browntown!"

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Browntown, Lemington discovered, was a pretty little village, located on a rather picturesque creek. It did not take long for him to become acquainted with the object of his generous impulse — nor was the town slow to take notice that there was a stranger in its midst. In the course of a year but few strange faces appeared in Browntown, and those were mostly infantile. Occasionally, of course, there came a new minister or a school teacher, to take the place of one who had left for a larger field. Browntown was, in fact, a very agreeable place in which to begin life or to pass peacefully away — but it held out no glittering promises to ambition.

Lemington, as he strolled about that first day, soon found himself attended by an escort of small boys, who gazed in awe upon his splendid toggery; while admiring feminine eyes were fixed upon him from porches and doorways, or discreetly peeped at him through lace curtains, and fully noted the grace and distinction of his carriage.

Yes, indeed, long before Lemington had reached the old McKinney place, the village of Browntown was keenly alive to the fact that a stranger of no small importance was astray within its limits; and that, at the hotel, a zealous Jap servant was guarding well both his master's luggage and his secret — if he had one, and, of course, he had.

When Lemington came to the McKinney property, his eyes brightened. It was exactly to his liking. The great stone house, sadly out of repair, was set with careful accuracy in the middle of a village square. Surely if he were to rebuild the house, have some of the giant evergreens removed, give the grounds over to the magic of landscape gardeners, in short, spend a goodly amount of money, he would have a dwelling place quite in accord with his tastes. He glanced across the street, and caught a glimpse of a most alluring bit of femininity. Yes, then, the neighborhood was all that heart could desire.

Lemington read the sign which hung dejectedly on a tree near the gate:

"This place for sale by Wm. Simmonds."

"Take me to Simmonds," cried Lemington, pressing a dollar into the hand of a dumfounded lad.

"You really want to buy that place?" gasped Simmonds, when Lemington had made known his intentions.

"I do," affirmed the young man.

"Well, now, I vum!" cried Simmonds. "I never thought to live to see this day. Why, I've advertised that place in our paper for the past twelve years, and every time the ad's read differently. My land! 'twon't seem right at all with that place sold."

"How much did you say?" Lemington broke in.

"I haven't said how much yet, young man," came the response, petulantly. "But I will say it if you will give me time." Then Simmonds lowered his voice to a whisper: "They won't sell for one cent less than five thousand."

"I'll take it, and I want it quick," said Lemington.

The McKinney place had been sold. That was the first of a series of momentous happenings which crowded thick and fast upon the hitherto tranquil Browntown. Of the why and wherefore of the many blessings Browntown could gain no inkling. Mr. Lemington evidently had money galore. Mr. Lemington *said* he was not married. Nothing more did Browntown know about William Warner Lemington.

But his beneficent influence was widely felt. Both of Browntown's churches were recipients of Lemington's generosity. A library was built, a park laid out, the streets improved, the poverty stricken relieved. There was an exodus of the halt, the lame and the blind — some being sent to hospitals, some to a better climate, one to a school. Embryo geniuses were given the wherewithal to pursue their studies, and in the fall a dozen youths and maidens went joyfully off to college. Indeed, Browntown was drenched with a golden shower.

Yet requests from near-by towns for even a drop of Lemington's bounty fell on deaf ears; and certain nomadic ne'er-do-wells who, hearing a wondrous story, sought out Browntown as being a land of milk and honey, were doomed to bitter disappointment. Lemington for Browntown, such was the decree of fate.

It was June again, and for a whole year Browntown had been fed at the hand of a philanthropist. Now all Browntown gathered at his bidding, and surged through the reconstructed mansion that was once called the McKinney place. Here, in the center of the

village, on this June evening, was fairyland. Hundreds of Japanese lanterns lighted the grounds, while the house itself was aglow with brilliant illumination. An orchestra of twenty pieces furnished music, and in a temporary pavilion youth and age mingled in the dance. Finally, a favored few congregated in the drawing-room, and to them Lemington explained just this much:

"I came here, friends, because I was bored to death. I wanted to do something different, and I've done it. I've really had a lot of fun. I've spent a pile of money, and I've got my money's worth. I'd like to stay here right along, except when I want to stay away. This isn't home, but it may be. The question is, 'Shall I stay?' It's all up to just one person, and she's not very big, yet she's the whole of Browntown and all the world beside. Dorothy Deane, shall I stay?"

A shy, pretty girl gasped, blushed, and shrank behind a palm. Lemington walked right straight toward that palm.

"He's a crazy fool," growled the Jealous Man.

"Deliciously eccentric," declared the Club Woman.

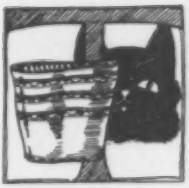
"How romantic!" cried the Maiden Lady.

"Isn't he handsome, though?" interrogated Sweet Sixteen.

But Lemington heard just one word — Dorothy's softly spoken "Yes."

Old Make-Good.*

BY LEROY WALLINGFORD.



THE horse stopped nibbling at the moldy straw and listened attentively. The horse had been listening for three days. He had grown tired of listening.

He wasn't an ordinary-looking horse. He was an extraordinary-looking one. He was toil-worn, girth-galled, and footsore. His forelegs were in bad shape, a cataract covered one eye; his lungs were troubled, and he had other defects that were visible to the eye of any person who knew where to look for them. And he was keenly sensitive to the defects. Every prospective buyer was exceedingly candid in commenting on them.

When the stable door opened, the horse pulled himself together and tried to get the kink out of his off foreleg. He stiffened his spine, curved his neck, and put a little action into his tail. He knew this was demanded of him, and all through his life he had tried to do all that was demanded of him. He had tried so hard to make good. With a little thrill of pride he remembered that they had nicknamed him "Old Make-Good" when he helped to pull the horse-cars across Manhattan. He held the good conduct record in the car barn. Other horses collapsed with the heat, took cranky spells and fits of laziness, but he had always remembered that the cars had to run to schedule, and the old bay gelding with the white blaze on his forehead became famous along Twenty-eighth Street. The drivers fought among themselves to get him in their teams, and they enlarged upon his virtues to the smart business men who rode on the front platform and presented the drivers with cigars. The drivers always made the business men think they knew something about horses, and the flattery so pleased the business men that they were liberal with the cigars.

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The old horse found it good to think over the past. He had never missed a boat or kept a crowd waiting at the Pennsylvania ferry. He had got there in spite of heat or snow.

The remembrance of those days braced him wonderfully, and the improvement in his appearance was immediately noticeable to the proprietor of the livery stable when he opened the door and invited a red-faced stranger to enter. It made the proprietor stress his words as he waved his hand in the direction of "Old Make-Good."

"There he is!" he shouted. "The best horse as stands in this city to-day."

The old horse stiffened his spine as the stranger walked slowly round him. During the three days he had been at the livery he had gone through the spine-stiffening process a dozen times a day.

"Abs'lootly the best," continued the proprietor, with some heat. "He's a horse that can pull his two ton up the side of the Flatiron if you want him to do it."

The stranger laughed quietly, and the owner became indignant.

"What are you laughin' at?" he asked savagely. "Don't you think he could do it?"

"Sure!" replied the other. "I'm laughing at you thinking the Flatiron people would allow your horse to spoil the walls pulling up the load."

The sarcasm hurt the dealer.

"I know the horse!" he screamed. "I've known him to shift four tons — yes, four tons! What d'ye think of that?"

"I knew a horse to shift twenty tons!" retorted the prospective buyer. "He shifted it from his feed bag into his stomach, but it took him a few years to do it."

Again he laughed sneeringly, and a cold perspiration broke out on "Old Make-Good." He was weak with shame. He was being ridiculed after fifteen years of labor, and he had always done his best.

The thrust silenced the horsedealer, but he glared viciously at the other while that person rubbed his hand down the injured foreleg.

"This prop wouldn't be much use to him in climbing Flatirons," sneered the stranger. "Feels like as if he'd been trying

to stop some hot baseballs with it. You didn't tell me he was a ball player."

The owner met the sneer with a string of curses. "What d'ye expect?" he yelled. "I'm offerin' the old carcase at fifteen dollars, an' he's cheap. I don't want to smother up his little defects! You're one of these loose-tongued jays who don't know a mule from a rocking horse, and you think I've got nothing to do but listen to your chirrup."

"Don't get mad because I didn't go into raptures over your crock," laughed the visitor.

But the livery proprietor was excited. He followed the other across the stable yard, all the while criticizing his knowledge of horseflesh, and after he had seen him into the street he returned to the stall and punched "Old Make-Good" viciously in the ribs.

"You durned old crock," he growled, "you always try to look your worst when any one comes around to squint at you."

The old horse winced. He wondered how many more blows he would receive before a sale was effected. He wondered if a sale would ever be effected, or if he would be kicked or starved to death in the dirty stable.

Ten minutes afterwards he was still pondering over the problem when the stable door again opened, and the proprietor reappeared followed by a clean, wholesome-looking boy of about sixteen years of age. The proprietor looked jubilant.

"There he is!" he cried excitedly. "The finest old horse in Manhattan. Can pull two ton up a tenement stairway! Never shirks his work, doesn't wear out many shoes, and eats very little. Doesn't he look the thing?"

The boy walked around "Old Make-Good" and stared at him admiringly.

"He looks a good old fellow," he murmured.

The dealer patted the lad on the back approvingly.

"You're a young chap as knows a good thing," he cried. He *is* a good old fellow. Every other horse that was as good as him died from overworking themselves. That's what you want to be careful of. Don't let him overwork hisself! What did you say you wanted him for?"

The boy stammered uneasily. "Father died last week," he said,

" and I thought if I had a quiet horse I could sell fruit and vegetables so as to get enough money to keep mother."

" Old Make-Good " glanced at the boy's innocent face and then at the cunning grin on the features of the livery man.

" Well, that's your horse ! " shouted the dealer. " I'm letting you have him for sixty dollars just because you're a young fellow makin' a start in the world, but to any one else his price is a hundred. Don't you think he's cheap ? "

" He's very, very cheap," assented the boy, and he walked forward and patted " Old Make-Good " on the nose. " I'll go right back and get the money from Mother," he continued. " She's just keeping it till I had a look at him."

The livery man told him to lose no time, as some one else might be along to snap up the bargain, and the boy raced madly away.

When the stable door closed again, the old horse looked around. The boy was being robbed. He knew he wasn't worth the fifteen dollars that had been asked of the first man. But sixty ! He shuddered from his nose to his tail as he thought over the youth's innocence.

Again he looked around the dirty, rotten stable. What could he do to save the boy from the horse sharper — the sharper who had struck him viciously only a few minutes before !

Just above his head a heavy beam supported the loft. The horse eyed it carefully. The wall of the stable had moved out of the perpendicular, and one end of the beam had a very insecure resting place. " Old Make-Good " wondered how the livery proprietor had overlooked the danger. A restive animal, by kicking the support from under the beam, would demolish the barn. The horse thrilled as he saw how easily it could be done. And if it were done ?

For the space of fully five minutes the old horse thought over his life. He had done everything that was demanded of him. He had always made good. Joyfully he recalled the days when he had galloped with the heavy horse-cars. He recollected how the passengers had bribed the drivers with cigars to catch boats and trains, and how he, " Old Make-Good, " had earned those cigars. Yet he had received nothing but the wounds and scars.

The proprietor of the livery stable was dozing peacefully while

he waited for the return of the boy with the sixty dollars, when a tremendous crashing noise caused him to spring to his feet. He dashed across the yard and caromed heavily into a frightened groom.

"What's the matter?" yelled the proprietor.

"The loft fell in and killed that old crock you wus just tryin' to sell," stammered the man. "I knew that beam would slip one of these days."

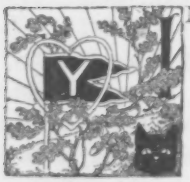
The livery man was speechless for the space of three minutes. The cloud of dust that rose from the ruins floated down the street. He watched it with stupid, staring eyes, and then he saw something that made him curse fearfully. The clean, wholesome-looking boy with the sixty dollars in his hand was running up the sidewalk.

"Old Make-Good" had kept his reputation untarnished to the end.

For Dear Old Yale.*

BY JAMES LANGSTON.

[This story, which appeared in THE BLACK CAT twelve years ago, is reprinted by request.]



IN a hundred towns along the upper waters of the Euphrates was sounding the steady lu-lu-lu of fanatical hordes slaughtering Christians. The Kurds were abroad, with battle cries of Islam on their lips, and the mercy of tigers in their hearts. The Turkish soldiery looked on stolidly at the butchery, sometimes helping it, though vowing with much talk that they were out for the defense. The Armenians simply died, as is their way, sometimes by tens, sometimes by thousands.

At the mission station five miles from Harput some Christians of a different type were gathered,— fighting Christians, who knew the uses of soap and gunpowder, and had a flag worth talking about to protect them, a flag with stripes on it and stars, that has been heard of in the world. Still this flag was far away and the Kurds were near.

There were men here and women, sheltered in a stone house with a stone wall around it, built by Ohio Presbyterians to show people who wear turbans how people who wear pot hats do such things as preaching and decimal fractions. The women in the house were sure there was no danger; the men, excepting Professor Peabody, knew they would be lucky if they were not massacred to the last mother's child.

Gathered here in this mission station, and well content to have the stone wall around them, and shooting tackle within, were some twenty-five souls, six of them Americans, the rest natives of one breed or another who had accepted the story of Jesus and were suffering for it. There were half a dozen students from the Euphrates College, now a pile of smoldering ruins in Harput, earnest-eyed young men, who had fled from death with their

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Bibles and flowing trousers and their small black fezes. There were some Armenian girls and women, beautiful, submissive creatures, born to be bought and sold, to suffer and die. There were three American ladies, two of them teachers from Constantinople, and one the wife of Father Asdadur, as he was called, the finest old missionary in all Asia Minor, and in charge of the station. Then there were two newly arrived missionaries, one with his bride, who had come from New England in service of the Board, and were pushing on to the East and wondering how far they would get. Finally, there was a man from Chicago who told "funny" stories and had great enterprise. He was a rug merchant who had journeyed inland for bargains in Daghestans and Cashmeres, and heartily wished he had stuck to the seaport bazaars.

Beyond doubt, the most learned member of this handful of Christians, and yet the most unwise, was Professor Walter Lathrop Sheffield Peabody (to give him all his names), a very famous man, whom Yale University had sent out to oversee some archæological excavations in the valley of the Euphrates. This they had done because Professor Peabody understood archæology as well as sociology, and Greek, and many other things. Indeed, he was Yale's bright, particular star, one of those men who are irritatingly brilliant. He had a wonderful memory, he was a wonderful whist player, he was a wonderful conversationalist, in fact he was fitted for nearly everything except dealing with Xeibeck chieftains, who, between you and me, care no more for a New Haven lion than they do for a Persian cat. The professor's folly had come on this very morning when he had fired a rifle shot at a group of horsemen passing in the distance. To understand why he did this takes us back to the week before, when the company inside the mission walls had defended themselves as best they could, and fortunately with success, against some Kurdish stragglers who had conceived it a pleasant pastime to loot the place and kill the people in it, at least the men. And in this skirmish the versatile professor had come off less gloriously than was his wont; indeed, to tell plain truth, when he heard the bullets pattering about and the cries of the marauders, he had gone back into one of the inner rooms — and stayed there.

Fortunately the affair had turned out all right, thanks mainly

to the lion fighting of young Eli Morris, a protégé of Peabody's and a notable in his own way at Yale, where it was said that no man had ever passed him on the football field, and no man had ever failed to pass him in the class room. Eli was on this archæological business because his father, who was rich, thought that a year or so abroad with Professor Peabody would do the boy worlds of good and incidentally keep him out of mischief. Not that Eli needed watching, for a finer fellow than he never took a Yale A. B. and marveled when he got it. And no dog ever loved its master better than he loved the professor; there was something pathetic in his attitude of humility toward this resplendent man of learning, in whom he saw everything that was good and great, while he, well, he was only Eli Morris. Yet, in this business with the Kurds the professor had been unmistakably nervous, while Eli was down at the gate treating the screaming devils as if they were some scrub eleven trying to score against the 'Varsity.

And the memory of this rankled in Peabody's mind, for he had the habit of excelling all men in all things, and it was bitter to his self-esteem to have a man who had been dropped through two or three classes outshine him in a time of crisis. So, on this day, when he espied some horsemen passing in the distance, he picked up his rifle very quietly and, before any one could stop him, fired a chance shot at long range. He would show these people that he was on the alert for danger, and, if he happened to hit any one, why, so much the better. This might not have been such a bad idea, at least no harm would have come of it, if the horsemen had been Kurds, as the professor supposed. But it chanced that they were a Xeibeck band, the fiercest and most lawless tribe in all Kurdistan, and they cared neither for God nor Sultan, and boasted that they cut down Mussulmans and Christians with equal delight. This was the target Professor Peabody had chosen for the display of his marksmanship and the bolstering up of his pride.

"You don't think you hit any one, do you, professor?" asked Father Asdadur anxiously.

"I don't know," answered the professor; "I adjusted my globe sight very carefully, and am usually a fair judge of distance." He spoke as if his skill of the hand was alone in question, and took the same tone he would have used in arguing about a cut-

stroke in tennis. "If we must fight anyhow, we may as well take the aggressive," he continued; but he did not exactly mean this, he simply objected to the old missionary's manner. The old missionary, however, had lived along the upper waters of the Euphrates for over fifteen years. He had seen Xeibecks before.

"God help us," he muttered, "if he did hit one of them."

All through the afternoon stragglers reached the station, the weak flying from the strong, and some of them were wounded, and all brought tales of horror — of houses burned, of stores pillaged, of people killed and outraged. About sundown, while the ladies were dressing for dinner, there came to the house a messenger, a huge, bearded man, with cunning, squint eyes set in the face of a patriach, and he talked for awhile to Father Asdadur in a sing-song voice, and then went away. When the missionary came in his face looked graver than usual, and he took Morris aside and told him that which made him look grave, too.

"We will call the men together after dinner," said Father Asdadur, "and give them the sheikh's message."

"Wait till the evening's over," said Eli; "the ladies have arranged some games and things."

Meanwhile Professor Peabody was pointing out to the ladies, in his happiest way, the picturesque points in the messenger's costume — his gaudily embroidered garment of skin, his knotted turban, his queer leggins and trousers — and was arguing with the rug man as to whether he was a Kurd or not.

"Was that fellow a Kurd, Father Asdadur?" he asked, when the man had gone.

"No, he was a Xeibeck."

"There, I was sure of it. You see, I have made a careful study of these tribal characteristics."

The evening passed delightfully, so the ladies declared, and Professor Peabody was the soul of the occasion. He was charming in serious talk, forceful in argument, abundant in epigram and clever mots, and even condescended to old-fashioned conundrums for the delectation of the Constantinople teachers, who, having spent their lives away from New Haven, had never heard a ramrod described as "my first is a kind of butter, my second a kind of liquor, and my whole a part of a gun," and other brilliant

riddles of the sort. And then they sang college songs and plantation melodies, and one of the ladies made much fun of Eli's bass, which, she declared, invariably went up when it should have gone down, and *vice versa*. Indeed, Eli made a poor enough showing except when the professor got him to tell how, on a certain Thanksgiving day, when he was playing right tackle for Yale, he bucked his way through Princeton's whole rush line and made sixty yards for a touch-down, thus saving the game. But the story was half spoiled in the telling, for he jumbled it all together and failed to make impressive pauses, as good storytellers do. The professor would have been much better — at telling the story.

"What a pity Mr. Morris hasn't more brains," whispered one of the school teachers to Professor Peabody.

"He has a good heart!" said the professor complacently.

"And he is so handsome and brave, isn't he?"

"Ye-es, I suppose he is," said Peabody, less complacent now.

After it was all over and the ladies had rustled away to bed, Father Asdadur brought the men together around a table on which were things to smoke. Then he announced very quietly that the Xeibeck sheikh had sent word that his band would attack the mission station at sunrise unless a white Christian, one of their number, be delivered over to be shot.

At this there were exclamations from all the men except Morris, who, as he knew it all beforehand, merely sat still with his long legs crossed, and puffed away at his pipe.

"This is an outrage, it is infamous!" said Professor Peabody, and was launching into a pretty speech when the old missionary interrupted: "This is a country, sir, of outrages and infamy."

"But we are American citizens; the Sultan must protect us."

"The Sultan is powerless, and four days' marching could scarcely bring troops here. The Xeibecks will be at our gates when the sun comes up; they keep their appointments."

"But there must be some way of reasoning with this sheikh; we can make it worth his while; let him name a ransom."

Father Asdadur shook his head. "You do not know the Xeibecks. They come out of the mountains east of Smyrna, they live on bread and olives, they sleep in black tents. What would they do with your ransom? They want but one thing, blood for

blood. One of their men was killed by one of our bullets; they insist that one of our men shall be killed by one of theirs."

All eyes were fixed on the professor, who stirred uneasily.

"Gentlemen," said he, after a troubled pause, "I suppose I am responsible for this catastrophe. I probably fired the shot —"

"Not so sure about that," put in Morris. "I popped away at our friends two or three times, myself, this afternoon."

Every man in the room, with one possible exception, felt that this statement was false, and knew also why Morris had made it. Perhaps the professor thought it was true; at any rate, he made no sign. "Yes," went on Eli in a matter-of-fact tone, "I thought maybe it would scare 'em away to see we were not afraid."

"Exactly my idea," said the professor, "Why can't we defend ourselves the way we — way we — did the other day?"

The professor flushed as he remembered that other day.

"My friends," said Father Asdadur, with deep impressiveness, "I've lived in this region a long time, and understand its ways. In my time I have seen massacres. I saw Heghgate burned, and the butcheries of Erzrum. My mother and my two sisters were killed at Hedink, my uncle and four cousins were killed at Trebizond. I know whereof I speak! The Xeibecks are the fiercest fighters in Syria, and they outnumber us ten to one. We might hold out against them an hour or two, not longer. After that you know what will happen." He glanced toward the stairway, whence the sound of laughter and women's talk floated down. Each man looked his neighbor in the eyes; they understood.

"This is horrible!" exclaimed one of the younger missionaries, a pale-faced graduate of a theological seminary, who had come out only the year before. His wife was one of the women upstairs.

"See here," said Morris abruptly, putting down his pipe, "there's no use trying to dodge this thing; there are twenty-five people here to be saved, and one of us six has got to do it." There was such conviction in his tone that the others felt the uselessness of further talk; even Professor Peabody was silent.

It is an interesting time when six men sit down together to agree calmly which one of them shall stop living. It was now one o'clock in the morning, the sun rose at five, they had four hours in which to decide. One of them had four hours to live.

"Do you all accept the sheikh's terms?" asked Father Asdadur, after a long pause.

One after another the men accepted.

"Then I propose that we make the choice by lot."

There was another long silence.

"Gentlemen," said Morris, blowing out clouds of smoke, "I've been thinking of something. I believe I know why I was sent to this God-forsaken country. I never did know until now. I think I'm the man to meet these beggars in the morning. I don't see any sense in drawing lots. Look at it sensibly, now; you five men are all doing something worth while, helping somebody, making the world better. I've never done a thing except give the governor trouble, and blow in his money, and get dropped and suspended, and get myself laughed at, and — and" (with a gulp) "kick football a little. Besides that, you're married men with families, but it don't matter a hang about me. So you'll please consider me nominated for this business in the morning."

It is doubtful if, in all his life, Eli had ever made so long a speech as this; it is certain he had never made such an impression. Father Asdadur reached across the table and clasped the young man's strong white hand in his brown, bony one.

"God bless you, my son," he said; "you have a brave heart, but the thing is impossible, quite impossible."

And all the others said it was impossible, too. What else could they say? So they came back to the lot-drawing idea, and the rug man proposed that cards should point the finger of fate.

"I never played cards in my life," said Father Asdadur.

"Neither did I," said one of the missionaries, but the other admitted having learned poker in his young manhood.

"Let it be poker, then," said the rug man, "cold hands with a draw. I'll show you in a jiffy. Look here, I deal you each five cards, like that;" — he produced a pack of cards from somewhere and began to shuffle them,— "understand, you have the privilege of drawing once, and the lowest hand loses."

Then, with the cards lying face upward on the table, he explained to the two beginners the value of a pair, two pairs, three of a kind, and so on — the ordinary hands of draw poker. The others looked on indifferently; after all, as well a choice by cards

as any other means. When the two missionaries had learned their lesson, the man from Chicago said: "Now, if you've got that in your heads, we will play in earnest. First jack deals."

And he dealt until a jack fell before Father Asdadur.

"Shall we let one deal settle it?" asked Morris.

"Why not have it this way," suggested the professor, never lacking in a happy suggestion, "why not have the high man drop out after each deal and leave the others to fight it out? Then the choice will come between the two left in at the last."

This modification was agreed to, and Father Asdadur dealt the first hand, dealt it in silence, and his very clumsiness added to the tension. The six men studied their cards, threw down their discards, called for the number they wanted, and then declared what they had. It was absolute chance disposing of a life. The man from Chicago had three kings and went out; he was safe. In the next round, Father Asdadur found fortune and went out in his turn. Then one after another the young missionaries held the highest hand, and so escaped the danger. The last hand came between Morris and Professor Peabody. Morris dealt.

"One card," said the professor, and his lips were dry.

"I'll take one," said Morris.

Both men discarded a single card, picked up a single card, and then slowly looked at it.

"Aces up," said the professor.

"I drew for a flush," said Morris, with a huskiness in his voice, "and — I didn't fill."

He threw down his cards, and for a moment no one spoke.

"It's all right," said Eli, "fate understands these things. I told you I was the man to go."

That broke the spell, and the others crowded about him with show of sympathy. No doubt they were sorry for him; no doubt they were not sorry for themselves. How do men feel on a raft when one of their number has been chosen to go overboard to save the rest? That's the way they felt. No one could sleep and no one tried to sleep. The rug man from Chicago paced up and down in front of the house, the assistant missionaries talked together in low tones on the veranda, and Professor Peabody gave Father Asdadur some meaty ideas on the proper way to deal with

the heathen. Morris wrote letters to his family and one to a girl.

About half an hour before sunrise sounds from the upper regions warned them that the ladies were dressing. There was some excursion planning, no doubt, and their laughter and gay talk showed that they were in the best of humors.

"Hello!" said Morris, "we'll have the women folks down here in a minute," and then going quickly to the others, he charged them on no account to let the ladies know. "I'm glad they're coming down, though," he said to himself; "it's good to have an American girl or two around."

A little later there was an invasion from above, the ladies fresh in their cool morning gowns, and some of them pretty. Coffee was served with a light meal, and just as the sun was rising, Morris stood up and asked the company to sing "Here's to Good Old Yale." At this the men came up like soldiers on parade, and the women rose, too, yielding to an influence they did not understand, and they all sang the old song as perhaps it had never been sung before, certainly not in Kurdistan. While in the centre of the group, with lifted coffee-pot, stood Morris, towering half a head over every one, and singing his home-made bass with all the power that was in him, his eyes flashing wondrously.

"There are Eli's fine old discords again," said one of the girls, giggling, and she was much surprised that none of the men laughed.

Suddenly there came the sound of marching feet outside. A hoarse command rang out and gun butts grounded on the gravel. The ladies rushed to the window.

"It's some of those horrid Kurds!" cried one.

Then the ladies joined in laughing at the queer uniforms and the ugly faces. Morris, meantime, unobserved, had shaken hands with the other men.

Father Asdadur rose hastily and went to the front of the house. As he went out Eli exchanged glances with him.

"You ladies stay here," he said; "I'll go out and see what it is."

The other men followed after and stood about awkwardly. The sheikh came forward with a fine dignity of presence and said something in his native tongue. Father Asdadur replied, and then there was parleying.

"Make them understand," said Professor Peabody, "that I

represent one of the greatest institutions in the United States, and can promise them anything they desire."

"The sheikh says that he has never heard of the United States," said Father Asdadur, translating; "he says he has given his terms and has come for an answer."

"But tell him, for God's sake, make him understand, that this young man comes of fine family, that his father is very rich, that — that — that he has been entrusted to my keeping."

"The sheikh says that the young man of their band who was killed from here had a father and mother, too."

"Don't bother about it any more," said Eli, touching the professor's arm; it isn't much, anyhow." And he stepped forward with just the same unflinching look in his eyes he had shown in the old days when summoned before the faculty.

"But," cried the professor, stepping forward, "who can positively say that the bullet which killed this poor warrior came from here?"

The sheikh turned to one of his followers, who opened a leathern pouch and drew something from it.

"The sheikh presents you the bullet with his compliments, and says that it comes from a rifle the like of which does not exist in all Kurdistan. He speaks the truth. This is a bullet from a Martini rifle; yours is the only rifle it could come from." Then he added very slowly, "I congratulate you, professor, on your marksmanship."

By this time the Xeibecks were plainly growing impatient and motioned that they would wait no longer.

"Good-by, professor," said Eli, head high, but eyes saying things. Then hesitating: "You know it's all — all — for 'Dear Old Yale,'" and he gripped the professor's well-shaped hand in an athlete's squeeze.

"Where are you going, Mr. Morris?" asked one of the girls from one of the windows.

"Oh, just to see these fellows do some musket practice," said Eli lightly.

"Look!" exclaimed another, "they're taking him by the arms! Why, they're leading him off like a prisoner!"

"Don't be alarmed," called Eli, "it's just a joke. Say, ladies,

friends, professor, let's give it to 'em once again, the old song. And he himself struck up:—

"Here's to good old Yale, drink her down,
Here's to good old Yale, drink her down,
Here's to good old Yale,
She's so hearty and so hale,
Drink her down, drink her down, drink her down, down, down."

And he kept on singing while three barbarians, who knew no more of Yale than they did of mercy, formed on either side of him and started at the word of command.

As the sun came over the hills, lighting up the glories of the Euphrates valley, this little company of Christians, far from their homes, stood on the piazza and watched the departing group, while their voices sounded out in the dear old words. And while they sang the Xeibeck band marched slowly up the slope, until the last thing seen of Eli was his figure outlined on the hilltop in the red sunshine, while his voice came down faintly to his friends in the chorus that has been sung by the brave men of many brave classes, and will be sung as long as Yale endures:—

"Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
We won't go there any more, we won't go there any more."

"Why, how queer you men look," said the wife of the young missionary; "what's the matter?"

Just then the sound of shots came over the hill and echoed away in the distance.

"They're shooting already," said one of the Constantinople teachers.

"Yes," said Father Asdadur, his eyes resting tenderly on the hilltop, "they're shooting."

"Good God," said Professor Peabody to himself, "this is awful;" and then he told the truth.

"O girls," came a voice from within, "see here, I do believe these men have been playing poker! Think of that at a mission station! Just look at this table!"

Mrs. Asdadur was speaking, and the ladies hurried to her call. The men followed after them.

"This is a good hand, isn't it, professor?" she said, picking up

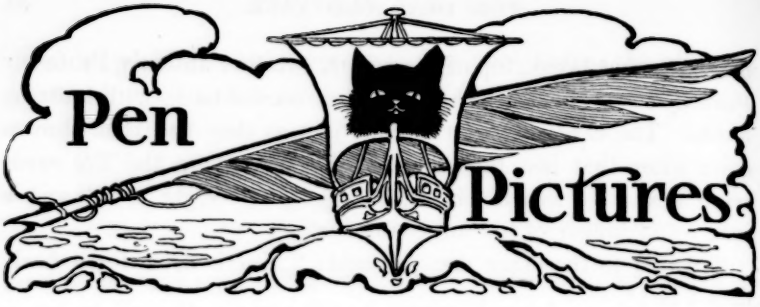
five cards that lay on top of the others. Rather absently Professor Peabody looked over her shoulder, then started back, with knitting brows. The cards lay on the table just as they had been thrown down after that last fateful deal. He picked up the five cards lying next. It was his hand, two aces, two eight spots, and a jack — no danger of his forgetting that.

Turning to the other men, he said: "Morris drew for a flush, didn't he?"

"Yes, poor chap," said the rug man. "Don't you remember he threw down when he didn't fill?"

"I remember," said the professor, and was silent for a full half minute, and his face became very white. Then he said, with a look in his eyes no one had ever seen there, "Gentlemen, this is Morris's hand; he did fill."

And at that moment Professor Walter Lathrop Sheffield Peabody (to give him all his names again) understood that Yale University had turned out a bigger man than he.



The Weirdest Land on Earth.*

No. IV.

The Dwellers of the Outback.

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER.

Australia is the home of the white gypsy. The Outback has, in its picturesque assortment of Sundowners, Whalers, Hatters, Fossickers, and unclassified wanderers of all conditions, a Legion of Devil-May-Care that no other country can muster. The climate suits the nomad. It is a perpetual sun bath, and the trail calls him always.

But the bush wanderer is not a hobo. He does not beg food — he demands it. And the wool king finds that it is false economy to be niggardly with his flour barrel. Where the grass is dry and parched, and the thermometer is above one hundred and twenty, a careless Sundowner who happens to regard the wool grower through whose sheep run he is passing as a mean man, may forget to quench his camp fire! The damage wrought by a fire sweeping through the pasture is more formidable than a flour bill. Police stations are few and far between, and so every Sundowner, on arriving at the homestead, hands his flour bag to the storekeeper, and, not content with donations for his damper, or ash cake, will make a touch for tea and tobacco. The sheep-breeder hates the vagabond tramps with the same hate that he turns upon the crow and the rabbit, but he is judicious. The heel of a beer bottle skilfully inverted over a piece of rag dipped in oil will cause the tropical sun to make a blaze that will take

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in five miles of drought-smitten country, and while the wool king's army is battling with the flames, the tramp will be miles away.

The Bush — weird, silent, and mysterious — calls the dreamer, the failure, the ne'er-do-well, the perpetually tired. It casts upon him a spell that he can never shake off. The American hobo creeps into the cities in the winter, and the trail loses its grip upon his heartstrings, but the Australian nomad hates the cities. The throb of the big towns is purgatory to him. He stays with the Silence always, and his soul is saturated with the mystery.

Along the creeks, by the quiet lagoons, in the clumps of moaning she-oaks, one finds his camp. He is indifferent to time or season. He has no objective. All trails are the same to him. The tropics have cyanided the ambition from his system, and he is a spineless gypsy.

The Whaler, as he is called, because his principal article of diet consists of fresh-water cod, known to the natives as whales — is found along the Murray, Murrumbidgee, Lachlan and Darling. He is the man in whose breast Hope and Ambition are dead. Fish and rabbits are plentiful, the wool raiser can be successfully touched for flour, and the skins of the rabbit can be exchanged for tobacco. Life is therefore simple, care-free, and untroubled.

A most motley band are the river gypsies. One finds among them the retired soldier of fortune, who has hobnobbed with princes, as well as the plain, every-day citizen who was born tired and is down on his luck — both leading the same open-air life. Only a few years ago a near relative of the Duke of Norfolk died as a whaler. To-day, on the Murrumbidgee, a former bosom chum of King Edward VII. exists on the monotonous menu of rabbit and codfish, while the long-lost heir of a Yorkshire baronetcy was unearthed there last year. He was unshaved, unshorn and tattered, but he pulled himself together when he heard that the four relatives who stood between him and the Title had left for a place where baronets are unknown. In honor of the occasion he invited all the whalers camped within fifty miles to muster at his hut, and there, with much pomp and ceremony, he buried his flour-bag, blankets and billycan, an Oxford

graduate reading the funeral service. After banqueting the unwashed assemblage the new baronet hastened to Melbourne to catch the first Peninsula and Oriental steamer for England. But the gypsies count on his coming back. They know how impossible it is to throw off the witchery of the bush. The working bushman feels its influence as well as the spineless wanderer. The bush will call him back twelve thousand miles. In London a whiff of wattle or eucalyptus will strike his nostrils, and he will become suddenly homesick. The bush has called him. The bush that he has cursed a thousand times has sent a wireless message, and before he has recovered from the attack he will be steaming east of Suez on the long road home.

The Remittance Man is also found among the gypsies of the Outback. He is the exiled son of the British aristocrat who found that the sowing of wild oats by his offspring was fatal to his own respectability. The quarterly remittance is paid on the distinct understanding that the black sheep will remain outside a ten-thousand-mile radius of Piccadilly, and amongst the Whalers of the rivers, and the Sundowners of the overland trails one finds Remittance Men whose early life was spent in the best circles of Belgravia and Mayfair.

With only one type of the gypsy army Hope still lives — the Fossicker. He is the camp follower who forages on deserted gold fields, in dry creek beds and worn watercourses, and has never-ending dreams of wealth. For him there still exists an undiscovered nugget larger than "The Welcome Stranger," the biggest lump of gold ever found in Australia or the whole world. Like the garbage raker who lives on what others have overlooked or carelessly cast aside, he diligently searches the spots that have been deserted by the strenuous pioneers who have rushed on to new fields.

The gray, monotonous solitude and weird silence give to the Australian bush an atmosphere of awful horror. The bushman's stories are stories of mystery and dread. They tell of the Coach of Death, with its eight black horses and silent driver, that sweeps across the western plains to gather in the souls of men who die in drought time. They relate how the cattle stampede on moonlight nights, because the beasts have

seen the wraith of long dead bushmen gallop across the gray wastes.

"Out at the back of the Never Never
That's where the dead men lie—
Twisting and moaning and turning ever—
See how the cattle fly."

And they call up the Shadow of Death Hotel, the will-o'-the-wisp lights in whose windows beckon to the thirst-maddened wanderer when his hour has come, and he struggles frantically towards the mirage. It is a weird, strange, haunted heart that the big continent possesses. The aboriginals knew this long before Captain Cook landed at Botany Bay, over a hundred years ago. To them the dark lagoons were filled at night with the most terrifying of all ghosts — the bunyips — and they were pursued by hideous phantoms on the plains where that huge, spectre-like bird — the crane-necked, stilt-legged Native Companion, performs his fantastic sunset dance.

The birds and animals accentuate the feeling of mystery that hangs over the interior. They all are distinctively Australian. The laughing jackass has no prototype. The kangaroo is a freak animal creation, while the duckbilled platypus is a combination of both bird and animal.

The laughing jackass is the sole Australian who sees humor in the bush. His maniacal laugh startles the wanderer at all hours of the day, but at sunrise and sunset he is particularly merry, for which reason he is known as The Settlers' Clock. He calls the bushman to his labor at dawn and summons him home at night.

His cachinnatory stunt is not the only one that has made the feathered jackass famous. He is an expert snake killer, and on that account he is protected by the government, which imposes a fine upon any person found guilty of killing the bird or keeping it in captivity. As the only living thing that finds something to laugh at in the weird, silent drought-stricken interior, the laughing jackass is certainly entitled to his freedom. He looks down upon the struggling wool king, the mortgage-burdened farmer, the shepherd who in his loneliness talks to the trees, the solitary Hatter, whom heat and loneliness have driven crazy,

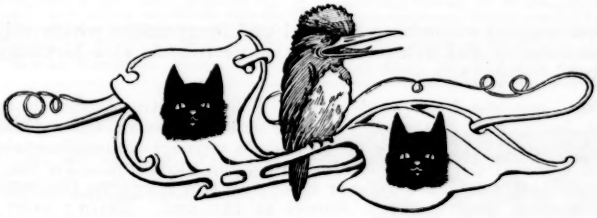
the fighting army of shearers, stockmen and drovers, who battle continuously, and through it all he sits "like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief." The blacks still believe that the god of misfortune inhabits the body of the laughing jackass, and when the bird laughs at their unsuccessful attempt to run down an old-man kangaroo, they go back to their gunyahs and help their gins with the piccaninnies. They see no hope of catching a 'roo when the god of evil is chuckling at their earnest efforts.

The Hatter is a unit always. He receives his title not from the fact that he wears a festoon of small pieces of cork dangling from the brim of his hat to keep away the myriads of flies, but because he works only by himself, or, as the bushmen express it, "under his own hat." He makes no mates; he evades the tin-roofed clusters of weather-board cottages that dot the interior, and his dislike for human beings is so great that he leaves the trail and sidles into the gray scrub whenever he sees a traveler approaching.

The bush dweller is distinctly pessimistic. A note of despair rings continually across the continent. The evenness of the four seasons that pass with little variation in the thermometer gives him a jaundiced view of things. He is intensely morbid. He rides sixty miles to a funeral and wears crape around his hat and sleeve till the emblem of woe becomes a shred, or till another death compels him to change the bandage for a new one. Matters are always getting worse with him, and Australia at the present time finds that her "man on the land" will not stay on the land, or, if he does stay, he is deserted by his sons, who feel the hopelessness of the battle and betake themselves to the cities, where the caw of the hungry crow and the mocking laugh of the jackass do not offend their ears. The weird expectancy of the bush frightens the imaginative, and the native-born Australian is imaginative. He wonders why the kangaroo and wallaby sit motionless and watch on the dry plains. He wonders why the quaint, harmless little creature — the native bear, the real "Teddy" by the way — clutches the limbs of the gum trees as if he feared a sudden shock that would fling him into space. He wonders why the jackass laughs, why the Native Companion

waltzes on the brown waste; wonders over the Mystery and the Silence, wonders until he is afraid to stay.

Australia cannot get the man who wants to abide on the land, and the man who is there is continually packing up his baggage and rushing back to the cities — the five bright eyes of the Island Continent, where the lights flash, where the whirling fans cool the atmosphere, and the noise of the trolley cars keeps away the maddening silence that hangs ominously over the sunbaked interior.



"CATECHISMS"

Hand to Mouth Hints for those who thirst for the Milk of Human Kindness, and Heart to Heart Talks that will lead them from the Wrong Road into the Right Path.

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Has the size of a hen anything to do with the size of the eggs she lays and if not why not? Where can one get Easter eggs such as are served in the best society? — LILLIAN.

1. No. A hen can lay eggs of any size she pleases. It is purely a matter of ambition. Where the ambition is lacking it is supplied by increasing the size of the nest egg from day to day. This is why goose eggs are frequently laid by hens. Being proud by nature the hen will equal the sample placed under her.

2. In the best society Easter eggs are laid to order by hens of artistic temperament. This latter is developed by suspending before the nest some eggs of the desired hues and also placing a rainbow colored Easter egg in the nest.

Can you suggest something original and inexpensive which will aid an ambitious country girl in entertaining some friends at a birthday luncheon party? — GLADYS.

Why not try the barn-yard chorus? Take a tin dinner horn about four feet long, run it through a hole in the centre of the table and floor underneath. Allow the large end to project six inches above the table and conceal with loosely strewn clover blossoms. To the mouthpiece in the cellar attach a rubber hose and run it out to the barn, being sure to insert a large kitchen funnel at the end. Before your friends arrive coop up in the barn chickens, ducks, geese, also a cow and calf or two, and some young pigs if possible. As soon as your guests are seated get your little brother to enter the barn with Fido and raise a commotion among the inmates. By placing the end of the hose containing the funnel near the door and leaving the latter slightly ajar the fowl and animals will rush madly in that direction and thus convey the barn-yard chorus to the astonished lunchers. If you have a musical hired man he can regale your guests by rendering such old time favorites as "When She Swallowed Home-Made Pies," "Katherine Manoeuvering," and "The Heart Boiled Down with Grease and Care." He can soon acquire that rich metallic note of the real gramophone by attuning his voice to the filing of a saw.

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Will wave or curl your hair beautifully in 10 minutes, while you are dressing or traveling. Anywhere at any time, without trouble or bother.

THINK OF IT! Made of specially prepared French Horn. Small enough to carry in your purse.

We are now making a **Magnetic Steel Curler** under our own special process. The only Magnetic Steel Curler made. Finest, lightest Steel Curler known. Made in the same shape, with the patent locking device, as the Magic Curler. Try them.

If your dealer or hairdresser does not sell **Magic Curlers,** send us his name and address, together with 25 cents, and we will send you a full set of Curlers, and a beautiful silver-plated sugar shell spoon, **Free of Charge.**

Sample Set of 2 Curlers, 10 Cents.

MAGIC CURLER COMPANY
130 S. 11th Street, Room 472, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ask dealer for it.

Trade Mark
Free Sample. Write Dept. 48
Lamont, Corliss & Co. Agts. 78 Hudson St. N.Y.

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$30 TO $75 A WEEK

A fact; we can prove it. Agents who make only $20 to $40 per week in other lines are taking orders for Velvet toothpicks, a new patented specialty that sells on sight; anyone who has ever used them will not touch an old style toothpick again. We will give you the names of Boston agents now making $5 to $10 per day. Write at once. Send 10 cents to cover cost of samples and postage.

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1¼ oz. 22 in. Switch	$1.15
1½ oz. 24 in. Switch	1.90
3 oz. 26 in. Switch	2.95
3 oz. 22 in. natural wavy Switch	1.85
Set of eight Coronet Puffs	.95
Della Carson 12 curls Cluster Puffs	2.95
Natural wavy Pompadour, extra heavy	1.50

The above prices are for **ordinary** shades only. Blonde, drab and gray shades cost more. Our $1.85 natural wavy switch sells everywhere for $4.00. Our $2.95 Della Carson 12 curl cluster puffs sells everywhere for $5.00. We save you big money on all kinds of hair goods.

Send a sample of your hair and let us send you, **postpaid**, any of the above items. We **guarantee a perfect match** and the most wonderful bargain you ever saw. **If not satisfactory we promptly refund your money.**

$10,000 Beauty Book FREE

We are sole distributors of the **Della Carson** beauty preparations. Miss Carson was adjudged the most beautiful woman in the world, and awarded the $10,000 prize in the National beauty contest by the Chicago Tribune. **"The True Secret of Beauty"** written by Miss Carson, also our **handsomely illustrated catalogue**, showing complete line of wigs, pompadours and other hair goods will be sent free on request.

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$2.95 for this 12 curl **Della Carson Cluster Puff, worth $5.00.**

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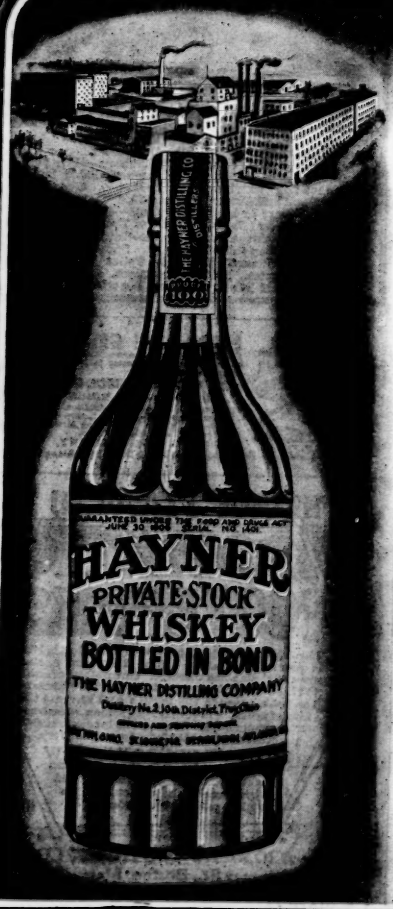

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